

MEMORIAL  
TO THE LATE  
JAMES THOMSON  
ASSISTANT SURGEON  
OF THE  
FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT

Feb. 26









# MEMORIAL

TO THE LATE

JAMES THOMSON,

Assistant-Surgeon

OF THE

FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

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M DCCC LVII.  
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LONDON :

PRINTED BY SAVILL & EDWARDS, CHANDOS STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.





## MEMORIAL.

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THESE pages contain a list of the Subscribers for a Memorial to the late Dr. Thomson, of the 44th Regiment. They contain, likewise, some extracts from a few of the numerous eulogiums which, in Parliament and elsewhere, have been justly bestowed on that officer's conduct. The House of Lords is here represented by quotations from the speeches of the Duke of Newcastle and the late Earl of Ellesmere, both of whom have been connected with the civil administration of the Army; the

former as Head of the War Department, and the latter as Secretary at War. The House of Commons is represented by Mr. Layard, who made his speech about the merits of Thomson soon after returning from the Crimea, and who therefore spoke almost with the authority of an eye-witness. The Press of England is represented by extracts from the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*; that of Scotland, by quotations from the *Edinburgh Witness* and the *Inverness Courier*. Probably the article in the *Times* was written by Mr. Russell, the interesting correspondent and historian, and that in the *Witness* by Mr. Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist. Though the Church did not with-

hold her tribute of praise from Thomson, but, on the contrary, extolled the merits of that Christian hero, yet there seemed at first a difficulty in making quotations from discourses on the subject, as few of those discourses were published. There is, however, a published sermon, by the Rev. Joseph Sor-tain, entitled "Compassion;" and this sermon is so stamped with the fervent piety and glowing eloquence of its author, as to make a quotation from it desirable.

It may be here stated that James Thomson was born at Cromarty, in North Britain; but it is especially worthy of remark that, almost without exception, the authors of the various

praises here selected were unconnected with him by any tie, either of friendship, of relationship, or of country. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the joint and impartial testimony of these eminent authorities may weave round the memory of the late Dr. Thomson a garland such as time shall not corrode, nor envy wither.

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*Extract from the Speech of the DUKE OF  
NEWCASTLE, Minister for War, deli-  
vered in the House of Lords, on the  
15th December, 1854.*

I WILL ask your Lordships to consider for a moment the services performed by such a man as Dr. Thomson. He was left, under circumstances of the most painful nature, upon the field of battle of the Alma, not with another person to assist him—not to attend to the wounded of his own army, all of whom had been removed—but to a large number of Russian wounded, many of whom, persuaded that an Englishman was little less than a devil, were pre-

pared to murder any individual who might seek to render them assistance. Among such men was Dr. Thomson left alone; and he bound the wounds of some hundreds of these poor Russian soldiers, at the great danger of his life; but, nevertheless, he escaped. He returned to his duties in his own army; but it pleased Providence to remove him from his sphere of usefulness two or three days subsequently. His death was occasioned by the immense efforts he had made, and a disease which he had brought on by his extraordinary exertions and toils.

*Extract from the Speech of the EARL OF ELLESMERE, on the Treaty of Peace, delivered in the House of Lords, on the 5th May, 1856.*

Of those who did their duty, and did it well, in the normal discharge of their profession, it is scarcely for me to speak. Of some who did more than their duty, who found or made occasion for the display of their high qualities—such men as Williams and his associates, Nasmyth, the lamented Butler, and Dr. Thomson, can derive no lustre from mention or praise of mine.

*Extract from the Speech of MR. LAYARD,  
delivered in the House of Commons  
on the 12th December, 1854.*

Dr. Thomson, with his servant, was left in a miserable half-ruined village, after the battle of the Alma, with seven hundred wounded Russians. His only protection was a note written by Lord Raglan to any Russian officer who might chance to come to the spot. For five days and nights those two men remained amidst the dead and the dying, burying with their own hands nearly fifty every day, dressing their wounds, administering to their wants, and feeding them from the small stock of pro-

visions which had been left for their support. On the fifth day they were relieved by the officers of Her Majesty's ship *Albion*, while, almost exhausted, amidst a heap of dead and dying, they were watching the approach of a body of Cossacks, the advanced guard of a Russian division. I can scarcely picture to myself a position more truly worthy of compassion than that of these two men. It grieves me to add, that Dr. Thomson fell a victim to his devotion the day after he joined the Army.

*Extract of an Article in the "Times"  
Newspaper of 24th October, 1854.*

We have lately been told again and again, that the increased civilization and humanity of modern times will greatly mitigate the horrors of war. To a certain extent this is undoubtedly true. Our list of Russian prisoners proves it. Russians easily got rid of such encumbrances by the summary method of the bayonet. I felt proud of my country when I saw little groups of English soldiers tenderly nursing wounded and dying Russians on the field of Alma the day after the battle,

particularly when my indignation was hardly calmed at the well-proved stories of ferocious feeling manifested by these same wounded. In several instances they treacherously fired at or stabbed the doctor who had just dressed their wounds, or the kind Samaritan who had slaked their parched throats with a draught of water; thus showing all the inextinguishable hatred of a dying wild beast, and none of the noble chivalry of a civilized soldier. Notwithstanding the ingratitude of these poor Russian slaves, an English Doctor, to his eternal honour, volunteered to remain behind, and endeavour to alleviate the sufferings of seven hundred wounded Russians who

had been removed from the field of battle, on the south bank of the Alma, to the deserted village on its north bank.

Dr. James Thomson, Assistant-Surgeon of the 44th Regiment, and his soldier-servant, deserve to be held up as heroes. For four or five days they, and they alone, had to wait upon and support this enormous mass of severely-wounded men. The task was in many respects a most dangerous one. As we have seen, the patients themselves were not to be trusted. The Cossacks might also at any time make prisoners of them on the retreat of the allied armies. The dead were festering in heaps around the sick and dying. These two



men frequently had to bury a horrible mass of carcasses and fragments before they could get at some poor wounded wretches. In this way they must with their own hands have dragged out and buried some two hundred. There was no food of any kind for the sick, so the soldier managed to drive in a stray bullock, and with the aid of some Russian convalescents (their misfortunes seem to have humanized them) he killed it and made some soup for them. At length Her Majesty's ships *Albion*, *Vesuvius*, and the steam transport *Avon*, arrived. The whole crew of the first landed, and removed the wounded on board the *Avon*, while the *Vesuvius* guarded the shore. In

the midst of this humane occupation, a Russian force of some four thousand or five thousand men approached the village, and the sailors were obliged to hasten on board, as it was beyond the range of the ships' guns. However, three hundred and forty wounded were put on board the *Avon* under the charge of their heroic preservers, Dr. Thomson and his servant. About forty were left behind; and many of these poor fellows, who had previously seemed unable to walk, endeavoured, with all their might, to hobble after their more fortunate comrades. The next day, the *Avon* proceeded with them to Odessa. Now, surely, when the Humane Society re-

wards a man who saves one single individual, society will not fail to do something for two men who, under such dreadful trials, saved the lives of three hundred and forty.

*Extract of an Article in the "Morning Chronicle" Newspaper of 22nd Oct., 1855.*

It is intended to erect a monument in his native place to Surgeon Thomson, of the 44th Regiment, who was left behind after the battle of the Alma, in charge of seven hundred and fifty wounded Russians. Subsequent accounts, and especially the well-written History of Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, who combines the advantages of an eye-witness and an historian, show clearly the dangers to which Surgeon Thomson was exposed. He states that while the army were

moving along the banks of the Katcha towards Balaklava, the first villa they came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon, which had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks. The verandah was filled with broken furniture, the windows were smashed, the walls and doors were hacked with swords; the physician's account lay open on the table, with an unfinished entry alongside a pharmacopœia in Russian, and everything betokened the hasty flight of the inmates. The reader of Mr. Russell's book will naturally think that if a Russian doctor could be thus treated by his own countrymen, but a faint hope of safety could be entertained by a medical

officer in British uniform from these Cossacks. Besides this, the patients themselves, whether influenced by fever arising from their wounds, or by mere brutal ferocity, could not be trusted. They had on the previous days fired at or stabbed the humane individuals who were dressing their wounds or assuaging their thirst. Five days, however, did Surgeon Thomson pass in the midst of such people, whose language was unknown to him, without any companion but a private soldier acting as his servant. Often were these two Englishmen obliged to extricate the wounded from beneath the dead, before their gashes could be healed, and also to bury the dead, because of the pesti-

lential smell arising from the mutilated carcasses. Their scanty supply of food began to fail them; but fortunately the Russians, whom Thomson had restored by his skill and humanized by his kindness, drove in sundry bullocks, which were killed and dressed. A large horde of Cossacks now appeared in sight; but simultaneously the *Avon* and other English vessels approached the shore, and the sailors then came up to the village where the Doctor had nearly completed his labours. It was, however, beyond the range of the ships' guns, and the moment was critical. Therefore, three hundred and forty wounded men, who five days previously lay in helpless agony on the ground,

walked away with Surgeon Thomson to the shore, and after overwhelming their deliverer with expressions of gratitude, sailed for Odessa. The Surgeon himself escaping from the Cossacks, reached the English head-quarters on the 4th October, but died of cholera next day, worn out by the hardships he had undergone. Surely, James Thomson, of the 44th Regiment, has earned a monument; for in his own noble character were united the physician's skill, the soldier's courage, and the Christian's humanity.



*Extract of an Article in the "Witness"  
Newspaper of 27th February, 1856.*

The reader will find in our advertising columns a list of subscriptions to the monument proposed to be erected in his native place to the heroic Surgeon of the Crimea; an object which may, we think, be properly recommended to the attention of our readers. The dead cannot be benefited by any such memorial as the one intended; "honour," according to the poet, "cannot provoke the silent dust," nor can "the dull, cold ear of death" be soothed by even merited commendation. But by the lesson which such a monument will not

fail to read, at least the living may be profited. The slender spire seen far from its green hill-top, will serve to show the young, moved by their first stirrings of ambition, and preparing to launch into active life, what honour awaits, in a Christian country, the high virtue of doing good to one's enemies, and, if the sacrifice be necessary, of dying for them. It is not often that the dark history of war is lightened by so bright an incident as that which formed the closing one in the life of Dr. Thomson. Eight hundred of the enemies of his country lay maimed and bleeding to death on the well-fought field of the Alma. He saw in them, not enemies, but dying men—brethren of

the great human family, of one blood with himself, and volunteered for their sakes to remain alone behind his fellows, in the country of an enemy little amenable to the laws of civilized warfare. Like the good Samaritan of old, he staunched the gushing blood, and bound up and salved the gaping wounds through which, save for his professional services, life would have fled; he tended the living and buried the dead, till at length, worn out by labours too great for the endurance of the human frame, he fell a victim to disease, induced by his state of utter prostration, and died the martyr of humanity. Assuredly, such an example ought not to be lost to his country. Every reader

of the New Testament knows that to sacrifice one's own life for the lives of one's enemies, or even greatly to peril it on their behalf, is no ordinary action, and it were well, surely, that in this instance it should not be forgotten.

*Extract of an Article in the "Inverness Courier" of 25th October, 1855.*

I was busy reading the narrative of the war by Mr. Russell when your paper arrived, and the subject in it of a monument to the late Surgeon Thomson caught my eye. The scene of his exertions is still fresh in my memory, and yet time enough has elapsed to test the accuracy of earlier details, and to weigh Surgeon Thomson's merits deliberately. On the 23rd September last year, when the English army was about to move away from the banks of the Alma towards Balaklava, seven hundred and fifty Russians were lying

on the ground in agony, and in so dangerous a state as to be unfit for removal. Lord Raglan was averse to leave them without help; yet what British surgeon was to stay behind? On the previous days they had, in numerous instances, fired at or stabbed the humane individuals who were dressing their wounds or assuaging their thirst, whether influenced by fever arising from those wounds, or, perhaps, actuated by mere brutal ferocity. Another danger, too, which any English surgeon would have to encounter, would be from the Cossacks. Here I must call in the aid of Mr. Russell, both an eye-witness and an historian, who says, that when the army was

moving along the banks of the Katcha, towards Balaklava, the first villa the troops came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon. It had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks; the verandah was filled with broken furniture, the windows were smashed, the walls and doors were hacked with swords; the physician's account-book of medicines, with an unfinished entry, lay open on the table, alongside a pharmacopœia in Russian, and everything betokened the precipitate flight of the inmates. For further details I will refer any of your readers to the recently-published History by this eye-witness, Mr. Russell. Meantime, I think they will agree in

opinion with me, that if a Russian doctor was thus treated by his own countrymen the Cossacks, the worst treatment might be expected by a medical officer in British uniform, if left behind at a village near the Alma.

Dr. Thomson, however, volunteered for this dismal and dangerous duty, with no companion, for near a week, but a private soldier named McCarthy, acting as his servant—isolated, as it were, in the midst of seven or eight hundred men, whose language was unknown to him. Often had they to extricate the wounded from beneath the dead, and also to bury mutilated carcases, because of the pestilential smell produced by them. Their scanty food



of salt meat and biscuit was soon exhausted; but, fortunately, the wounded men, restored by Dr. Thomson's skill and humanized by his kindness, drove in sundry bullocks, which were killed and dressed. A large horde of Cossacks now appeared in sight; but, simultaneously, some English vessels—the *Albion*, *Vesuvius*, and *Avon* — approached the shore. The sailors came to the village where the English Doctor had nearly completed his labours; but as the village was beyond the range of the ships' guns, and the Cossacks were fast approaching, the moment was critical. However, three hundred and forty wounded men, who, five days previously, lay helplessly on the ground,

were now able to walk away easily towards the shore, and after overwhelming their deliverer with expressions of gratitude, took leave of him, and sailed for Odessa. Surgeon Thomson himself, escaping from the Cossacks, reached the head-quarters of the British army on the 4th October, but died of cholera next day, worn out by the hardships which he had undergone.

I am gratified to learn by your paper, that Sir James Matheson and other gentlemen of the county in which this officer first drew breath are now coming forward to do honour to his memory. I am pleased also to observe the name of the late Director-General of the Army Medical Department, Sir James

McGrigor. The name of Surgeon Thomson is worthy of all respect, and is, indeed, a fit subject of national pride. His virtues deserve a lasting monument; for in his own noble character were united the physician's skill, the soldier's courage, and the Christian's humanity.

*Extract of a passage in the Sermon of  
the REV. JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B., of  
Trinity College, Dublin, preached  
in Brighton on the Morning of the  
17th December, 1854.*

To enumerate the authenticated instances of compassion for their enemies which our manly and Christian army have just shown upon their glorious battle-fields, were now impossible. How many a Russian has fallen wounded, and how many a stern British foeman, unlike his victim's comrades, who left him to perish unsoothed, uncared for, has chafed his burning forehead, carried him from amidst his gore,

with the tenderness of a nurse, and reverentially composed his corse when he lay dead! And shall we not celebrate from a Christian pulpit a conspicuous product of Christian heroism and compassion, when one of the surgeons of our forces on the field of Alma, enjoined by no mere sense of military duty, prompted by nought save the impulse of disinterested pity, stayed behind his brothers in arms, as they advanced to other victories—for what, think you?—not to tend the dying Highlander, to whom the tie of clan-ship held him as with a brother's grasp—not to soothe with the wail of Erin the disturbed spirit of his Celtic comrade—not to cheer the expiring Saxon

with the assurance that the lion of England was, as ever of yore, still rampant. All such heroic sufferers had been already nursed by the sympathies and helps of their companions. For Dr. Thomson to have remained behind, and alone, amidst the hideous carnage of that field for such purposes as these, had been worthy of Tyrtean song. Perchance Hellenic patriotism might have done the same; but the Christian physician did far more. It was the decline of day when, as he stood upon that gory plain, with no erect fellow-man beside him save his servant, his ear caught the last notes of the advancing British army, interrupted only by the groans and curses

of maimed Russians, and his eye discerned on the heights around him hordes of pitiless Cossacks—it was then that he, unparalyzed by his dangerous solitude, resumed his ministry of love. For days, for nights, did his brave heart well forth the blood and energy needed for his mighty task. Meanwhile, even the unrivalled prowess of that pity, and the pity of his servant, McCarthy (a name ever to be honoured), must have died from overcharge, but that “the Mariners of England” rushed to bear them company, and to consummate the designs of their compassion. But his ministry was cut short. He was stanching the wounds of Russians, when Russians rushed down upon him

from the hills. He retired. Before this, however, his consecrated pity had touched the most ferocious of the wounded: they covered his hands with kisses, and his feet with tears.



*Extract of an Article in the "Lancet"*  
*of 20th October, 1855.*

Rarely is it that the Government or the Legislature mark, in any satisfactory manner, the labours and services of medical men. Neglected in despatches, passed over in "votes of the House," and unrewarded by honours or decorations, the military and naval surgeons of this kingdom meet with no encouragement to go a step beyond the bare line of their duties. But our brethren, on many occasions, even though in this "cold shade," sacrifice their comforts, and even their lives, in the cause of that country that so ill repays them.

When was heroism displayed equal to that of James Thomson? He perished in the noble cause of humanity, not less an honour to his profession than to human nature itself. The Government, after solicitation, have allowed a small annuity to his bereaved mother. But surely his memory is entitled to some mark of respect, and that, too, from the country, although it is in vain to expect a monument to him amongst the "heroes" in our cathedrals or abbeys; the niches in those great temples are reserved for tablets in honour of the destroyers of life. Gratifying is it, then, to state that a monument is to be erected to him at the place of his birth, near the Bay of Cromarty. A sub-

scription has already been entered into for the purpose. The following letter from Sir James McGrigor to Sir James Matheson was read at a county meeting, held at Inverness, a few days since :—

“Sir James McGrigor, late Director-General of the Army Medical Department, presents his compliments to Sir James Matheson, and although he has not the honour of a personal acquaintance with him, trusts that the subject of this note, which is almost one of public interest, may be considered an excuse for troubling him.

“A short time since, Sir James McGrigor wrote to Lord Panmure, asking a pension for the mother of the late Assist-

ant-Surgeon Thomson, 44th Regiment, to which he returned a kind and satisfactory answer. According to the regulations, Mrs. Thomson was not entitled to a pension; but the merit of that officer in sacrificing his own life, after the battle of the Alma, in the cause of humanity, so far exceeded what the framer of any code of regulations perhaps ever contemplated, that Lord Panmure well and wisely considered this peculiar case a fair ground for deviating from them, and, at Sir James McGrigor's request, a pension was granted. Though it was Sir James McGrigor's fortune to give this zealous and talented officer his commission, yet his merits having been most favourably noticed in

both Houses of Parliament, it would be superfluous for him to make them here the subject of remark. The Duke of Newcastle and others may have, perhaps, exhausted words of praise already on this interesting subject. Sir James McGrigor, however, has a natural pride in reflecting that a native of the Highlands of Scotland should have been the subject of these well-earned eulogiums. Buried near the shore of the Black Sea and the plains of the Alma, Surgeon Thomson was born near the Bay of Cromarty; and the object now of this note is to suggest that some monument or record should mark the birthplace of one whose career was alike honourable and useful. If, therefore, Sir James

Matheson, who so worthily represents the county in which this officer was born, would only countenance such a project, the writer of this note would cordially give it his humble support.

“3, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, London,  
Sept. 12th, 1855.”

The step thus taken is highly honourable to the late veteran Medical Director-General.

It may not be out of place here to remark, that Sir James McGrigor's project was warmly encouraged by the enlightened Member for Ross and Cromarty, as may appear in the following copy of his letter :—

“There is a melancholy satisfaction in sending you the enclosed copy of a letter addressed to me by Sir James McGrigor, late Director-General of the Army Medical Department, suggesting a monument to mark the birthplace of the late Surgeon Thomson, of the 44th Regiment, who fell a victim to his noble exertions in succouring the wounded after the battle of the Alma, and who, it appears, drew his first breath in the vicinity of the Bay of Cromarty, at what particular spot I am not aware.

“It seems to me that the most suitable mode of giving effect to the wish so feelingly expressed by Sir James McGrigor, is to request the favour of your submitting his letter to the first

county meeting,—not as a matter of official business, but in order that all may have an opportunity of doing honour to the memory of a distinguished countryman in the most formal and public manner.

“I would take the liberty of suggesting to the county meeting, that, in addition to a monument at the place of Surgeon Thomson’s birth, a tablet, commemorative of his honourable conduct, should be placed in the Dingwall County Buildings, similar to that already placed to the memory of Thomas Simpson.

“I beg to be noted as a subscriber of ten guineas for whatever plan the county meeting may recommend.

“I am sending a counterpart of this



letter to Mr. Ross, of Cromarty, with a request that he will ascertain and let you know the place of Surgeon Thomson's birth."

Both these letters were read at the half-yearly meeting of the county of Ross, and were directed to be entered on the Minutes.



The MEMORIAL thus subscribed for and originated by the late Director-General, Sir James McGrigor, is of a twofold nature; consisting of the Thomson Bursary, and of an Obelisk. The former is a foundation in that officer's native town to encourage learning, for which, indeed, the parish school of Cromarty appears to have shown a laudable desire. According to the authority of Hugh Miller, the celebrated writer of the "Testimony of the Rocks," some of the pupils of Cromarty—men of humbler birth than Thomson, but, like him, well trained in youth—have risen to

eminence in after life. Among these, one named Davidson rose to be the Member in Parliament for his native county; another wrote a book on nautical affairs, which attracted much notice; and a third, the late James Robertson, going from the school of Cromarty to Edinburgh, became Librarian of the University, and Professor of Oriental Languages in that city. Hugh Miller tells us, likewise, of an orphan pupil who subsisted on the charity of distant relatives, among whom was a widow earning a scanty subsistence by her wheel. He passed rapidly through the course of study at school, but struggled hard for means to give himself a college education. At length he took his de-

gree, and, coming to London, rose gradually into eminence as a physician. He did not forget his benefactress, the widow, who received for many years an annuity without knowing the source from which it came. His career was not beset with dangers like that of Thomson ; but they had both been trained in the school of Cromarty, though not at the same time ; and they possessed some kindred qualities. Hugh Miller quotes from the English poet and clergyman who had been delivered from a dangerous illness by the able and generous care of the Cromarty doctor, the following words:—

The God I trust, with timeliest kind relief,  
Sent the beloved Physician to my aid—

(Generous, humanest, affable of soul,  
Thee, dearest Hossack !)  
And in his skilful, heaven-directed hand,  
Put his best-pleasing, only fee, my cure!

Both these medical men did honour to Cromarty, the one in civil, and the other in military life. Perhaps the early career of Hossack—or at least the critical part of it, between school and college—may have suggested to Sir James McGrigor the idea of founding the Thomson Bursary, as a means of diminishing the risk of merit being crushed by poverty. Having said thus much about the Bursary, it remains still to say a few words about the granite Obelisk, the other tribute to the memory of the heroic Surgeon of the 44th Regiment.

The eminence at the western extremity of Forres, on which this monument stands, commands a view of the scenery around that officer's birthplace, and is the nearest eligible site to that place which could be obtained. The waters of the Moray Firth alone divide this twofold Memorial; but the student of Shakspeare may unite them in his mind, because Cromarty first appeared in history as the patrimony of the far-famed Macbeth, and Forres was the place to which Macbeth hastened after his victory over the Danes. On the Castle Hill of Forres, the polished shaft of the modern obelisk towers over some ancient ruins. It owes much of its success to the liberality of subscribers, and

to the suggestions of those who gave more valuable aid than money. Among these, thanks are due to Mr. Nelson and others, but especially to Mr. Giles and the late Mr. Hugh Miller—the one eminent in the fine arts, and the other in geology. If the obelisk, as a work of art, be any ornament to the scenery, it may all the better serve to perpetuate the memory of that virtue which adorned the character of Thomson, and which found so many opportunities of beneficent exertion, both in peace and war. The following brief record of his deeds, with other particulars, is inscribed on the base of the Obelisk :—



To the Memory  
OF  
ASSISTANT-SURGEON JAMES THOMSON,  
BORN AT CROMARTY,  
ON THE 8TH OF MARCH, 1823,  
AND DECEASED IN THE CRIMEA,  
ON THE 5TH OF OCTOBER, 1854.

He served with the 44th Regiment at Malta, in 1850, when the cholera broke out, and shortly proved fatal to all the surgeons of the corps, himself alone excepted. The skill, fortitude, and humanity displayed by him in arresting the progress of that disease, gained for him the praises of the Commander-in-Chief.

He was present with the same Regiment at the battle of the Alma, in 1854; and a few days afterwards, when the British were leaving the field, he volunteered to remain behind with seven hundred desperately-wounded Russians. Isolated from his countrymen, and endangered by the vicinity of large bodies of Cossacks, ill supplied with food, and exposed to the risk of pestilence, he succeeded in restor-

ing to health about four hundred of the enemy, and embarking them for Odessa. He then died, from the effects of excessive hardship and privation.

This public monument is erected as a tribute of respect for the virtues of an officer whose life was useful, and whose death was glorious.

It has been remarked, that there are but few opportunities of acquiring glory by elevated acts of goodness, and few who have the virtue to embrace such opportunities. One of those rare opportunities was found in the battle-field of the Alma after it had been abandoned by the victors, and the virtue to embrace it was also found in the British Surgeon who remained behind his countrymen to labour in that field. Here, amid irritated foes and suffering fellow-creatures, was Thomson engaged

in binding up the gaping wound, in ministering relief to pain, and in warding off the imminent stroke of death—regardless himself both of the risk of pestilence from mutilated corpses, with their festering sores (for the dead and the wounded, in many instances, lay together), and of violence from wild hordes of Cossacks. Having ventured effectually for the safety of others, he at length lost his life in this forlorn-hope of charity, leaving a name worthy to be enrolled in the foremost list of Christian heroes.

THE END.

LONDON:  
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN.













